

INTO HIS OWN



The Story of AN AIREDALE *C*

CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

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INTO HIS OWN

The Story of
An Airedale

BY
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"Thirty Pieces of Silver"

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CHAPTER I

A FINE START FOR A YOUNG DOG

“THERE’S as promisin’ a pup as I’ve seen in two dogs’ ages,” was what I heard the man in the kennels say about me once, and I’m glad I heard it. If it hadn’t been for that I’m afraid I’d have lost my grip when folks was saying I was nothing but a yellow cur and throwing things at me and sicking other dogs on me. But I remembered, and I remembered, too, that the man that said it knew what he was talking about. If he said I was a good puppy, then I *was* a good puppy, and no use arguing about it.

Sometimes I almost forgot what *kind* of a dog I was. You see there was so many things happening, and I had so

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much on my mind, and my schooling was broken off in what you might call the kindergarten, that I didn't understand how important it was to know what kind of a dog I was. That's the first thing a puppy ought to learn, and he ought to learn it so he can say it backward and frontward and upside down.

But, as I say, I almost forgot, and it was just my luck to fetch up in a little town where nobody knew the difference between a St. Bernard and a Mexican Hairless.

I am an Airedale, but I don't speak like one. That's the fault of living in the gutter like I did. I picked up gutter talk and now it's hard work for me to speak the way I ought to. An Airedale ought to speak Scotch. Mother did. I remember the burr in her speech. She used to say, "Dinna ye ken, Laddie, a wee bit doggie should look tae his ain

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manners afore he gi'es a thocht tae his meals?" That's real Airedale talk. But I lost the trick of it.

The worst part of being an Airedale is that folks have to be educated to appreciate you. A body that don't know thinks because we're so homely we're not of good family, and call us "yaller dawgs." They don't understand our points. And that's why I had such a hard time of it.

I don't remember all about how my hard luck started. Things were so noisy and confused. I do remember waking up and hearing no end of racket and gongs ringing and folks yelling; and then there was the yellow light that frightened me. It was a fire. It kept getting closer and closer and smoke got in my lungs and I was scairt almost to death. Then somebody kicked in the door and I put my tail between my legs and scooted. I kept right on scooting.

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Most likely there never was a puppy as frightened as I was. It seemed like I couldn't stop running, and I didn't for a long time. When I did I was away out in the country and it was dark and I was alone.

Thirsty! Wow, but my mouth was dry and my throat felt like an old shoe I used to play with near the kennels! I found some water in a ditch and lapped and lapped until I could feel myself puffing out like a fat pug—and no self-respecting dog likes to look like a pug. When I couldn't hold any more I crawled under some bushes and went to sleep.

It was daylight when I woke up, and then for the life of me I couldn't tell which way I had come from. Anybody who thinks I wasn't good and lost has another guess coming. And me not seven months old! You can scare an Airedale just so much, and then he begins

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to get over it. That was the way with me; there wasn't any more room for scare, so I braced up considerable and started off to do the best I could for myself, which didn't turn out to be much.

The thing that worried me was being away from my family without saying good-bye or letting them know where I was. I knew mother would worry and stew, which isn't good for a dog, particularly when the bench show is coming on and she ought to look her best. Mother was a Blue Ribbon dog. I didn't understand just what that was, but she seemed pretty proud of it, and the man was proud of it, too. I wished I could get word to her not to fuss about me. It was quite a while before I even thought that I might never see her again. Never! Think of that! Well, *sir!* I just sat down and bawled. That was because I was so young.

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I was hungry, and when a puppy is hungry it is hard for him to think long about anything but his stomach. Pretty soon I quit bawling and mooched along to see if there was any chance of getting a bite.

About a mile away was a house. I didn't know then that every farmhouse belongs to a big dog and that the big dog is mostly bad tempered. That was something I was to find out. The first lesson came at the house I could see. It makes me laugh now to think of it—to think of a half-bred black Collie dog chasing *me* down the road—me that got to be the toughest dog and the best fighter in our county! Why, to-day I'd—But that wasn't to-day, was it? Far from it.

The dog didn't chase me far, but he might as well have run me a thousand miles. There wasn't another place I could see where there was even a hint of

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grub. It was enough to make a puppy lay on his back and wiggle his legs. That was where the Airedale came in, for ours is a blood that doesn't do that sort of thing. We can't. So I kept on, dodging dogs and teams, till I came to a pretty good sized town—not a city—but a good-sized place. I didn't dare go up a street, but slunk through an alley. Fine start for a young dog, wasn't it? Alley dog, that's what I was. The first day I got as low down as that.

The next week was bad. I was kicked and stoned and chased and bitten. It seemed like everybody had a grudge against me—dogs and men and horses and cats. I slept a different place every night, and if there was ever a dirtier puppy than I, then he was in a pretty sad way. I hadn't made a single acquaintance. The only dogs that spoke to me had growled and ordered me away or sneered at me, and I was lone-

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some. I kept thinking about my family, and I made up my mind I never would stop looking for Mother so long as I had three legs to run on.

CHAPTER II

“GUTTER DOG”

It was the next week that I first saw the bull terrier Joggs, who afterward became famous under the kennel name of Raynsford Champion. Outside of me, he was the only dog of champion stock in town—and I didn't realize I was then. He was being led along the street by a man, and you never saw a puppy—for he was about my age—look like he thought he was so important. And mean! Say, the expression on Joggs' face was enough to make you turn around and bite yourself.

He was on the sidewalk and I passed him in the road. As soon as he saw me he commenced to sneer the way bulldogs do, and there isn't a more exasperating

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sneer in the world. He looked up at his master and then at me again, and then said:

“Gutter dog.”

Just like that, he said it. Well, I was a young dog and I was in all sorts of trouble, so maybe I would have been justified in making believe I didn't hear. But Mother had impressed it on me never to take any lip from a bull. She said no bull was ever a gentleman; that they were nothing but toughs come into a little prosperity, and that she'd disown a son of hers that wasn't a better dog in or out of a fight than the best bull that ever growled. So when Joggs called me a gutter dog I stopped still and looked at him as insulting as I could and told him he was a lap dog and slept in the same basket with a cat. He was so mad he looked like he'd gone crazy. The man that led him had hard work to hold him, and I didn't care

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whether he did or not. Finally the man dragged Joggs on, but not before he had told me what he'd do to me if he ever caught me. I just grinned at him.

That settled things for me. I *had* to stay in town now. It would be impossible for me to keep my self-respect and go away before I had a full settlement with that bulldog.

That afternoon I made friends with old Pete. He was a tramp and he was lazy and shiftless and generally no-account, I guess, but for all that he was the best friend I ever had. And wise! That old dog knew everything. What ailed him, I expect, was that he was so many kinds of dog—I'll bet there were a dozen breeds in him, and he looked it. He had the bad luck to inherit the homeliest point of each of them, and the good luck to inherit the best part of their brains. That's all he had, though—brains and a kind heart. He knew what

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a dog ought to do and how he should do it, but he lacked the backbone to live up to what he preached.

He was lying back of a deserted barn when I came along looking pretty down in the mouth.

"Hello, young feller," says he, wiggling his tail.

"Howdy do," says I, tickled to death to hear a pleasant word.

"If you hain't got no pressin' business," says he, "come and lay down in the sun."

So I did.

"What's ailin' you?" he asked me. "You look like you'd e't a p'isoned pork chop."

It was too much for me and I broke down and whimpered and told him the whole business. He questioned me pretty keen, especially about my Mother and the kennels and then he made me stand up and walk around so he could look me over careful. While he was doing it

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he kept waggling his head and mumbling to himself, but what he was saying I couldn't hear. I know now he was sizing me up to see if I really had class.

"What you aimin' to do?" he wanted to know.

"I'm going to stay in this town till I lick that bulldog," I says.

"Good idee," says he. "Every young dog ought to have an object in life."

We stretched there in the sun quite a while, just being sociable. After a while old Pete says to me:

"You hain't quite old enough yet to look after yourself like you ought to. If you hain't got no objections you can sort of hang around with me. I've banged up and down the world consid'-able and I calc'late I won't do you no harm when I give you advice. It's to be a partnership, though. You got to hold up your end."

I told him I'd be tickled to death, and

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that settled it. For more than a year old Pete and I hung together, and, like he said, it didn't do me any harm. Maybe I didn't get what you would call *polish*—but I did learn a lot of dog sense; and Pete wouldn't stand for any bad habits. He taught me a lot. For instance, he taught me to fight, something he couldn't do himself—but he knew how just the same and he had a way of telling things that made you understand right off.

“Remember,” he kept saying to me till I was tired of it, “that you're a thoroughbred. Don't forget you're an Airedale. It don't matter how deep down you get on your luck, keep thinkin' about your blood. Blood's what's the matter with me and blood's what'll make you come out all right in the end. Don't forget it.”

We didn't have an easy time of it, you may be sure, but we managed mostly to get enough to eat, and in a few months

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I had my growth so other dogs didn't pitch on us to amount to anything.

"You're a fightin' breed," says Pete. "Let 'em find it out. Them that can fight and is willin' to fight don't usually have to."

CHAPTER III

THE FIGHTING BREED

I PRESUME I got to be a pretty tough and swaggery sort of dog. I was a big Airedale and strong, so that pretty soon the dogs found out it wasn't fun to meddle with me. At first I rather looked for fights—just to establish my reputation. When I'd licked about a dozen curs it got around that I was a bad one, and Pete and I were left alone. After that I never fought unless some stranger picked on me—or unless I really needed the practice.

“I'll bet,” says I to Pete, “that I could thrash that Joggs bulldog.”

“Um,” says he. “Maybe so, maybe not. You got lots to learn yet. I'll tell you when you're ready for him.”

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I saw Joggs several times, but he was either riding in an automobile or being led, so we just made nasty remarks to each other. Word was brought to me several times that Joggs had it in for me and intended to get me as soon as he could.

“Wait,” old Pete kept telling me. “A bull fights different. You hain’t had no experience with bulls.”

But I got some experience. A tramp bull came to town that fall, and he was a rough customer. Right away he started bullying everybody and picking fights. Pete made me keep away from him, but I watched two or three scraps to see how he went at it, and that didn’t do me a bit of harm.

Finally Pete said I might as well take a crack at the bull, so I just waited around like, to give him a chance. Don’t ever worry about his taking it. That dog *loved* to fight.

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It happened in front of the livery barn, and he started it. We went to it good, and it didn't take me more than a minute to find out I'd taken on a good-sized job. He kept trying to get under me to take a chunk out of my throat, but I was too quick on my legs and kept going in and out and nipping him, waiting for a chance to throw my weight against him and knock him down. He ripped me good a couple of times and we were both pretty well mussed up, but in the end I got him and got him good. Over he went, and I got my hold right under his muzzle. After that it was good night bulldog!

"Am I ready for Joggs now?" I asked old Pete that night.

He grunted and grumbled, but finally said he guessed I was as good as I ever would be. "But," says he, "Joggs is champion stock. Don't pick him for an easy one."

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Right after that things happened that made me forget for a while about Joggs and even about looking for Mother. Old Pete and I were kept so busy dodging men with guns that other troubles didn't have any time to bother us. It was on account of sheep killing.

If there's one thing in the world an Airedale hates more than another it's a sheep-killer. We originated where sheep grow and the instinct to sort of look out for them is fast in our blood. But the men in that part of the country didn't seem to know about it, and I was suspected just as much as any other stray dog, or farm dog for that matter, in the vicinity. There were half a dozen dogs shot in a couple of weeks, and Pete and I kept out of sight.

"I'd like to get a grip on that sheep-killer," I says. "There wouldn't be any need for a man with a gun."

Early one morning Pete and I came

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sneaking out of the woods to look for something to eat. We came down the middle of the road so nobody would see us in the fields or pastures where sheep were grazing. It wouldn't have been safe. Pretty soon I got a sniff of sheep and saw a flock of them just waking up over to the right in a little valley. It was a pretty sight and I stopped to watch for a minute.

As I stood looking I saw something white sort of creep over the top of the hill and crawl toward the flock. It wasn't any sheep—and it was a dog. For a second I didn't understand, and then it popped into my head that here was the sheep-killer.

I said as much to Pete, and he said I'd best come along and keep my nose out of other folks' business. But a sheep-killer is any honest dog's business and I told him so pretty brisk.

"You can do what you want to," he

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says. "I'm going to put a lot of country between me and here." Which he started to do with his tail between his legs.

I crawled through the fence and circled so as to get behind the sheep-killer, and I went pretty fast. I kept over the brow of the hill till I was about where I wanted to be and then I crept as cautious as I could to where I could see. Well, *sir*, you could have knocked me over with the jerk of a puppy's tail! The sheep-killer was in plain sight. He was white like I said—and he was a bulldog. And he was *the* bulldog. I almost barked for pure joy. Honest to goodness if it wasn't that Joggs dog—Raynsford Champion he was now.

"Howdy do, Mr. Champion," says I to myself, and after him I went. Before I got to him he was on a sheep and was worrying its throat. I could smell the blood and it made me sort of sick to my

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stomach; also it made me see red. Funny, but that white dog looked red to me for a second. The next second I was on him.

He let go that sheep sudden and turned on me.

“Sheep-stealer,” says I.

“It’s *you*, is it?” says he. “Good.” And then we went at it.

It was a silent fight. He never made a sound for fear somebody would come, and I was still because I was saving my breath to use in my business.

I’ll say this for Joggs—he was some fighter. For a bulldog he was about as good as you’ll meet, and he was strong and well trained and well fed. I was down to weight because I had to be, and I got all the exercise I needed dodging men with guns, so on that score we were even. But I had one advantage. I hadn’t been killing sheep. Maybe you think that don’t amount to anything, but just you go into a fight with a clear

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conscience when the other fellow knows he has been at something low down and mean—and you'll understand.

We kicked up considerable sod, I can tell you. At the start we were pretty cautious because we knew this was no ordinary fight, but when we really got heated to it we left out quite a lot of strategy and put in considerable more scrap. Joggs kept calling me out of my name every time he got a chance to breathe, and the things he said would have made a Spitz envious—and a Spitz is the meanest talking dog alive.

He gashed me down the shoulder and once he got a hold on my leg, but I broke away. Another time he threw his weight on me when I was unbalanced, and for a jiffy I thought it was all day with me. But I kicked out with my hind legs and boosted him enough to let me scramble from under. There wasn't any let up. We fought on and on and on, and oh,

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how tired I was getting! I expect he was, too. When we'd been at it till it seemed like hours and I was cut and bruised and bleeding from a dozen places, I managed to give him a nip in the small of the back, and I guess it must have hurt plenty, for he just forgot all his science and came for me. And he came high up, which was very foolish of him. I met him halfway—from below—and there wouldn't have been anything to do but carry home a bulldog if somebody hadn't interfered. As it was, he didn't have more than a half-hearted wheeze left in him.

All of a sudden somebody grabbed me by the scruff of the neck and threw me a dozen feet.

"Here's your sheep-killer," says a man.

I didn't care what he said, but made for Joggs again. The man kicked me in the ribs.

"Shoot him," says he.

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“Bide a wee, man; bide a wee,” said another man with an Airedale accent. “I’m no so sairtain aboot the sheep-killer.”

“It’s plain to see,” says the first man, “that Joggs came on this cur killing a sheep and tackled him.”

“‘Cur,’” says the Airedale man, “I dinna ken if he’s such a cur. He’s no the sheep-killin’ breed.”

“Nonsense. Give me the gun.”

“Is it no possible this Joggs dog was doin’ a bit maraudin’ on the sheep and this laddie could no stand by to see it?”

CHAPTER IV

SANDY KENS A DOG WHEN HE SEES ONE

THE man with the Airedale talk came to me and patted me and I licked his hand. He took my muzzle and looked into my face and shook his head. Then he straightened me up and eyed me all over and sucked in his breath.

“Somethin’ is no as it should be here,” says he to himself. “Yon’s no tramp dog stock.”

From me the man went to Joggs, who was just beginning to crawl about.

“What’s this?” says he. “Come take a look.”

He was holding Joggs’ mouth open.

“Look ye,” says he, pointing in. “Tell me, is that no sheep’s wool? Eh, man?”

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The other man looked and frowned and seemed upset.

“’Tis caircumstantial eevidence,” says my friend, “but we’ll gie the accused anither test. Do you go and admeen-ister a kick to yon sheep.”

The man did as he was told, and at sight of it I couldn’t keep still. I growled and started for him.

“Nay, laddie, nay,” says my friend, grabbing me quick. “Ye could no see the sheep abused, could ye? Now what think ye, Mister Hollands?”

The other man didn’t say anything, but just stood thinking. While he stood Joggs stood up, and at that I walked to the hurt sheep and stood over it with my hair bristling, daring Joggs to come on.

“Look ye there,” says my friend. “Does that no tell which is sheep-killin’ and which is no?”

I guess there wasn’t any doubting who was guilty. I know what was left of

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Joggs looked guilty enough. His master scowled at him.

“If he wasn’t worth more money than the whole flock of sheep I’d give him a charge of shot,” he said, angry-like.

“How about this ither laddie?” says my friend. “I’d like well tae see him clean, Mister Hollands. ’Tis Airedale he is, sir, wi’ no blemish in his blood, or I’m a Sassenach.”

The other man’s eyes began to twinkle. “He gave Joggs a licking. Any dog that can do that is worth his feed.”

“Thank ye, sir,” said my friend, and then he turned to me. “Will ye come wi’ me, laddie? Eh?” I wagged my tail and followed him. Both of them carried Joggs, who was too weak to walk.

My friend, whose name turned out to be Sandy, washed me up and put stuff on my cuts and fixed up a place for me to lie down in the stable. I wasn’t sorry to take a long sleep. When I woke up

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again I felt as good as ever, barring a little smarting where Joggs' teeth had been gnawing around. So I walked out into the yard to look for Sandy and something to eat.

Mr. Hollands hadn't many dogs; just a couple of setters and Joggs and a fox terrier by the name of Scoot. But every one was a thoroughbred and every one had brought home ribbons from bench shows. I was the only one that couldn't brag about my pedigree—and I could, but there was no way of proving it. However, the other dogs besides Joggs were pleasant and friendly. It tickled them to see Joggs get thrashed, and they told me so. But, kind as they were, they made me feel somehow that I was different. What with their talk about pedigrees and their recollections of what happened at this bench show and that bench show, I was sort of out of it. They were always talking blue ribbons and

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cups and things like that, when I didn't so much as have a tin plate.

I learned that the next show came along in November and ended so the dogs would get home for Thanksgiving. That was quite a while off, so it didn't bother me any, and besides it was none of my business, for I wouldn't go. Folks don't pay entry fees for stray dogs as a general thing.

But Sandy was proud of me. You wouldn't believe it, but he was fonder of me than of any of the rest. Once I heard him bragging about me to Mr. Hollands and showing my points.

"Ye canna fool me about Airedales," says he. "Did I no see Ayreshire Lass and Argyle Champion morn, noon and night for a matter o' a year? 'Twas in the Douglas kennels. An' I'm tellin' ye, sir, this bit doggie no has to take the dust o' anny one o' them."

"Shucks," says Mr. Hollands. "He's

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only a tramp dog. You're partial to him because he licked Joggs."

"I ken a dog when I see him," says Sandy, stubbornly.

Another time a strange man, walking through the yard with Mr. Hollands, stopped and looked at me.

"Didn't know you went in for Airedales, Hollands," he said.

"I don't," says Mr. Hollands. "That's nothing but a tramp that Sandy picked up."

The strange man looked at me and then called me over to pet me and feel of my back and legs.

"This is your day for joking, isn't it?" he says to Mr. Hollands. "If this is a tramp, then I'm going to sell every blooded dog in my kennels. Come, now, where did you pick him up? Has he ever been shown?"

"I'm not joking. He's Sandy's and he's a tramp."

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“Um,” says the man. “Let’s see if Sandy’ll sell him.”

But Sandy wouldn’t sell me, though the man argued with him half an hour. Finally the stranger told Sandy he didn’t blame him and asked if he was going to send me to the show. Sandy said he never thought of it, and couldn’t see much use.

“Tell you what I’ll do,” said the stranger. “I’ll back my judgment of that dog. You send him and I’ll pay his fee and expenses. How’s that, Sandy?”

“’Tis a bargain,” says Sandy.

And that’s how I came to be entered in the show.

It tickled me, though I hadn’t any idea I’d have any luck, but I knew it would please Mother if she could hear of it. I hadn’t forgotten her, you’d better believe, and was just as determined as ever to find her. I hadn’t forgotten old Pete either, but he was timid

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about coming around. The best I could do for him was to hide out bones where he would find them. But he was a born tramp, and it was hard for him to stay in one place. Finally he told me he was going to take to the road and we said good-bye. And I've never seen him again. I wish I might, now, for I'd like to tell him what a lot I owe him.

All this time Joggs had been kept shut up where he couldn't get at the sheep and where he and I couldn't get at each other. He didn't have any sense. There's such a thing as courage and there's such a thing as foolishness—which was what Joggs had. He would have fought a freight engine, and if I'd licked him every day for a month, he would have come the next day for another licking.

It was getting pretty cold now, and November was commencing. Nothing was talked of by the dogs but the show and the Thanksgiving that followed. Mr.

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Hollands always celebrated Thanksgiving by having a lot of folks out from the city, and he celebrated for his dogs, too, especially if they did well at the show.

During that month we had especial care—even myself, for Sandy kept getting prouder and prouder of me every day. At last he got so he believed I was the equal of Argyle Champion, that he used to know, and he said he bet my mother was as good a dog as Ayreshire Lass. But I knew that was all bosh.

Going to the show was no fun. Riding in the train upset my stomach, and I was pretty glad to get out and go to the big hall where the show was, even if I did have to be tied in a sort of stall with dogs on all sides of me that kept barking and yelping and disturbing me. There was every sort of dog in the world. Right where I was, though, there were nothing but Airedales, and I never imagined there were so many of us.

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Over at my right I could see a square place where men kept leading dogs and other men looked at them and poked them and felt them and wrote in little books. The dog next to me said that was where the judging was done and that those men were the judges. That made me sort of excited and nervous, though, as I have said, I knew there would be no ribbons for me.

CHAPTER V

THE TITLE IS HANDED DOWN

It was two days before the Airedales were reached. Sandy had fussed around me like an old hen—you know how they act when they have chicks. He washed me and combed me until I was actually sore. I saw dog after dog go past and get examined. I was pretty nearly the last one.

“It’s just a formality, Sandy,” says Mr. Hollands. “Argyle Champion will hold his honors. But as long as your dog is entered, you might as well have him looked over.”

Sandy’s jaw was set, but he didn’t say a word as he led me through the gate.

The judges were standing around

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careless-like when I came in, but when Sandy lifted me up on the stand they seemed to get interested, and asked Sandy all sorts of questions. Then they went over me careful. You never saw anybody take such pains as they did to see what there was to me. Finally a big man with a badge shook his head and said it was beyond him, and that such things didn't happen.

"Set the champion up here," says he, and Argyle Champion was put by my side. We didn't look at each other. I didn't dare look at him, he was such an *important* dog. Imagine being the best Airedale in the United States!

The judges compared us and talked about us, and I could see Sandy chewing on his moustache and almost jumping up and down with excitement.

Well, sir, right in the middle of it I looked over to one side and there stood a dog—an Airedale. For a moment I

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couldn't believe my eyes, and then I let out a yelp of joy and jumped for her. Men tried to stop me, but I dodged them.

"Mother," I said. "Mother, it's me! It's me!"

She knew me in a second, and if you ever saw two dogs acting happy and glad to see each other, we were those dogs. A man tried to haul me away, but Mother growled at him, and they let us alone and watched us with such surprised looks! We could hear them talking.

"Now, what d'you make of that?" says one.

"It beats me," says another.

"They know each other as sure as shooting," says the big man with the badge.

"Wouldn't it—wouldn't it beat the Dutch," says another man, as if he didn't quite dare say it, "if this was the lost puppy—the one that got out the night of the Douglas Kennels fire?"

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“Such things don’t happen,” says another man.

“Is Weaver here?” says the big man. “He might have some way of recognizing this dog—if it was that puppy. It’s our duty to find out if we can. Yes, sir; it’s our duty.”

In a few minutes they came back with a man they called Weaver, and he was the man who used to come to see Mother and the rest of us so often in the kennels. He was excited, and Mother was excited, and I was excited. Mother ran to him, and then back to me, and licked my face, and then ran back to Weaver. He blinked his eyes as if something was the matter with him.

“If,” says Mr. Weaver, “if this is Ayreshire Lass’s lost puppy he’s got the mark of a scar nicked across his left hind leg a couple of inches above his paw. Jumped on the sharp edge of a tin can, and we were afraid at first it had got the tendon.”

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The whole crowd of men came for me and lifted me on the stand beside Argyle Champion again, and looked at my leg. I knew what they'd find. I knew there was a little mark across the leg where no hair grew—it was some sort of a scar.

They found it, and—well, sir—they yelled, actually cheered, and Sandy came pushing through them and grabbed me and hugged me, and other folks came crowding around to see what had happened. I never saw such goings-on.

After a while the big man pushed everybody away and says:

“We’ve got to finish this job,” so once more the judges compared me and Argyle Champion inch by inch. Finally the big man turned away and said gruff-like:

“There’s a new champion, boys.”

I didn’t understand until I saw Sandy go crazy, and until Mother yelped, and until Argyle Champion, like a real Scotch

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gentleman, turned his head slowly and looked at me, and said in a voice that was kind, but very, very dignified:

“I congratulate you. . . . It is not an ill thing to be succeeded by one’s son—for you are my son, you know.”

That’s about all. All, except that Mr. Hollands paid a whopping price for my Mother, and sold Joggs—or Raynsford Champion—for another whopping price. Said he wanted no more to do with bulldogs. Then Mother and the rest of the dogs and myself went home.

Next day was Thanksgiving. Maybe you think that is a day just for men and women, but don’t fool yourself. Dogs have as much right to give thanks as anybody. We did. I never understood much about Thanksgiving before, but I do now—for Mother and I are together again, and I’m not a tramp for everybody to throw stones at, but am Clydesdale Champion—that’s my new kennel

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name. Yes, I'm thankful—thankful there was a scar on my leg. Why, I have so many things to be thankful for that I can't think of them all.

Which is a pretty good way to be, isn't it?

